INTRIGUES

OF A

MORNING.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN.

By *Mrs. PARSONS*,

AUTHOR OF THE
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AND
MISS MEREDITH,

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M DCC XCII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

INSCRIBED

TO MRS. CRESPIGNY,

GROVE-HOUSE,

CAMBERWELL;

BY HER EVER OBLIGED,

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CLOSEFIST, *(father to Julia,)*	— Mr. MUNDEN.
SQUIRE LUBBERLY, *(a gentleman of Limoges,)*	} Mr. QUICK.
ERASTUS, *(a lover of Julia,)*	— Mr. M'CREADY.
CARLOS, *(servant to Eraſtus,)*	— Mr. FAWCETT.
FIRST PHYSICIAN,	— — Mr. WILSON.
SECOND PHYSICIAN,	— — Mr. THOMPSON.
APOTHECARY,	— — Mr. REES.
FIRST TRADESMAN,	— — Mr. EVATT.
SECOND Ditto,	— — — ———
CARPENTER,	— — — ———
SERVANT to CLOSEFIST,	— ———

WOMEN.

JULIA,	— — — — Miſs CHAPMAN.
NERINA,	— — — Mrs. MATTOCKS.
TWO SERVANT GIRLS,	— ———

SCENE *lies in* PARIS.

THE INTRIGUES OF A MORNING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Room in* CLOSEFIST'S *House.*

ENTER NERINA, *driving before her two ſervant girls.*

NERINA.

NAY, don't plague me, you inſignificant huſſeys—get out of my ſight! I am not a perſon to be teazed about laces, and bobbins, and tiffany, and catgut—begone!

(Comes to the front.)

A chambermaid in my ſituation is the moſt important, the moſt miſerable, the moſt happy, the moſt tyrannical of all human beings.—Get out of my ſight I ſay!

[*Exit one of them.*

Here am I, holding in chains, as I may ſay, the fate of my miſtreſs and her lover; they can't take a ſtep inde-

pendent of me. If I do not prevent it, my miſtreſs will be forced by her father into the arms, I mean into the clutches of a country booby. If I do not prevent it, the moſt charming and moſt generous of all my miſtreſs's lover's will loſe his goddeſs, and die in——Begone, you creature! how dare you ſit in my preſence?

[*Exit the other ſervant.*

Ah! here they come, here they both come; now for it!

ENTER ERASTUS, AND JULIA.

Julia. Dear Nerina, I am undone, I am loſt!

Ner. I know it, ma'am.

Eraſt. The bumpkin, my rival, has paſſed the gates.

Ner. I know it, ſir.

Julia. I ſhall be diſtracted if you do not ſave me.

Ner. I know it, ma'am.

Eraſt. And I will ſhoot myſelf, ſhould your ſcheme fail.

Ner. I know it, ſir.

Julia. Well, but dear Nerina—

Ner. Spare words, they are unneceſſary; at leaſt a dozen will ſettle the buſineſs. You two muſt depend on me, and on Carlos, for the happineſs of all your future days. You, madam, ſhall not marry 'Squire Lubberly; and you, ſir, ſhall marry my miſtreſs, mark my words! Here comes Carlos, who, next to myſelf, is the moſt adroit perſon at intrigue, between the gates of St. Denis and St. Genevive; let him ſpeak for himſelf.

ENTER CARLOS.

Car. Sir, ſir, your man, your 'Squire Lubberly is come; I ſaw him three leagues off, where the coach lay;

I ſtudied him a good half hour in the kitchen, as he breakfaſted; I have him by heart.

Eraſt. What ſort of a creature is he?

Car. As to his perſon I ſay nothing, judge for yourſelf; his dreſs is exactly anſwerable to the air nature has given him; and for his underſtanding, 'tis as I could wiſh, entirely fit to work upon.

Ner. You could not employ a better perſon, madam, he'll manage your affairs excellently; a man, that for the ſervice of his friends, has twenty times deſerved the Galleys: one, who, at the expence of head and ſhoulders, will go through the moſt difficult enterprizes; a man—

Car. Stop, dear madam, my modeſty is confounded by your praiſes.

Ner. No, no, I muſt do you juſtice; in ſhort, madam, a man who has been baniſhed from his own country, for the honourable actions which he generouſly perform'd.

Julia. A moſt extraordinary character truly.

Car. Lord, madam! what are my merits compared to hers? ſhe, who with ſo much honour played with a young foreign nobleman, and bubbled him of ten thouſand crowns, which, a fellow as honeſt as myſelf, took the pains to eaſe her of; ſhe, who could carry on an intrigue for the wife, and receive money from the huſband to watch her; ſhe—

Eraſt. Enough, enough of your great merits, which certainly have been ill rewarded to reduce you to ſervitude; but be ſo good now to employ your ingenuity in our ſervice.

Car. 'Tis the fate of great talents to create enemies, and meet ingratitude. But, however, ſir, I pledge myſelf to conduct your buſineſs, and therefore I ſhall go to meet

the coach: you will ſoon follow, to prevent his going to the inn.

[*Exit Carlos.*

Eraſt. I will be there directly. But, dear Julia, ſuppoſe our contrivances ſhould be unſucceſsful?

Julia. I will declare my real inclinations to my father, and poſitively refuſe to marry.

Ner. Lord, madam! what ſignifies your refuſal? He is as obſtinate as avarice and old age can make a man.

Julia. I muſt then threaten to put myſelf into a nunnery.

Eraſt. Ah, Julia! But if he ſtill perſeveres?

Julia. What would you have me ſay?

Eraſt. What one who truly loves would ſay; "That no force ſhall prevail with you, but that you'll fly to my arms for protection."

Julia. Content yourſelf, Eraſtus, with what I have already promiſed; I will be only yours, or reſide in a nunnery; but I'll never marry contrary to my father's commands. Pray be gone, I tremble every moment you ſtay.

Eraſt. I will obey you; but remember my future happineſs is in your hands.

[*Exit Eraſt.*

Ner. I am ſure he's a very pretty fellow, and deſerves to be happy, and, faith he ſhall be ſo, in ſpite of your father or you either!

Julia. All I wiſh is to reconcile my inclinations with my duty.

[*Exit Julia.*

Ner. (*Going off.*) An obſtinate, avaricious, fuſty old monkey, who never gave me a crown in his life, (*ſpeaking ſpitefully.*)

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Street.*

ENTER CARLOS.

Car. This way the booby muſt come; a fit object for my ingenuity to work upon. Ah! faith here he is.

ENTER SQUIRE LUBBERLY, *fantaſtically dreſt—ſeveral people following, pointing and laughing at him.*

Squire. Well, what do you follow me for? what the devil would the blockheads have? can't a gentleman go through the ſtreets without having a parcel of numpſculs grinning at him? deuce take me if I don't knock down the firſt man that laughs.

Car. (Advancing.) For ſhame, good people, what do you mean? is it proper to make a jeſt of a gentleman ſtranger?

Squire. Aye, this now is a man of ſenſe!

Car. Is there any thing ridiculous in the gentleman? isn't he like other people pray?

Squire. Am I crooked or hump-backed?

Car. He looks like a man of condition.

Squire. Aye, a gentleman of lineages, who has ſtudied law.

Car. Handſome, genteel, well dreſſed, with the air of a courtier.

Squire. Yes, I am always courteous.

Car. Be gone inſtantly, or I will make you all repent it. *(People go off.)* Sir, I am ſorry you have been thus inſulted; I ſaw you this morning where you breakfaſted, and was ſtruck with

the elegance and becoming grace you eat your victuals with.

Squire. Sir, you do me great honour.

Car. Your face pleaſed me, I ſaw ſomething noble.

Squire. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Car. Graceful, majeſtic.

Squire. (Strutting) Ha! ha! ha!

Car. Frank, ſimple, credulous and bewitching.

Squire. Ha! ha! ha! ſir I am mightily obliged to you.

Car. I am a man of honour, I always ſpeak as I think.

Squire. I am perſuaded of it.

Car. I am originally of Naples, and am always deſirous of proving the ſincerity of my country; you are extremely well dreſſed.

Squire. So my taylor told me. This is the court faſhion, and I intend going there.

Car. Doubtleſs the king will be overjoyed to ſee you.

Squire. I believe ſo; I am now going in ſearch of a lodging I was recommended to.

ENTER ERASTUS.

Eraſ. Ah! who is this? What a happy meeting! Squire Lubberly, don't you remember me!

Squire. Sir, your ſervant.

Eraſ. Is it poſſible five or ſix years ſhould have made you forget me? I am a friend to all the family of the Lubberlys.

Squire. Sir, I don't doubt it, *(aſide to Carlos.)* 'Faith, I don't know who he is.

Eraſ. When at Limorges, I lived entirely in your family. How does that handſome rogue do that uſed to treat ſo well?

Squire. What, little John?

Eraſ.

Eraſ. The ſame, we often enjoyed ourſelves there, and in that place you uſually walk——

Squire. The church-yard?

Eraſ. Yes; ſometimes with that gentleman, your——

Squire. O! my brother, the count.

Eraſ. The ſame; and then there was that good-humoured man, Mr.—— Mr.——'ſquire——

Squire. My couſin, the counſellor?

Eraſ. You are right. And then, your uncle——

Squire. I have no uncle—nothing but an aunt.

Eraſ. Aye, aye, that's what I mean.

Squire. O! ſhe has been dead theſe ſix months.

Eraſ. Poor woman! Well but, my dear ſir, ſince I have been ſo happy as to meet you, I don't intend you ſhall have any other houſe than mine.

Squire. O! I can't think of being ſo troubleſome.

Eraſ. Mention it not—my houſe is yours.

CARLOS *(aſide to the 'ſquire.)*

Car. I would adviſe you to accept it; 'tis plain he is your very good friend, and a gentleman of faſhion.

Eraſ. Have you no ſervant?

Squire. Yes; but I left him to take care of my trunks.

Car. That's very right; there are many horrid ſharpers in this city, for which reaſon I will attend you back to give orders about your trunks.

Eraſ. That's kindly offered too, my very good friend: That, *(pointing to a door)* gentlemen, is my houſe, and I beg you will haſten to it.

Squire. You do me great kindneſs, ſir; I ſhall order my ſervant to attend me in the evening, and will be with you

you in a few minutes. What a lucky fellow to meet ſuch obliging friends.

(*Exit*, SQUIRE *and* CARLOS—CARLOS *looking back and laughing.*)

Eraſ. Faith, Squire Lubberly, you are a greater gudgeon than I took you for—matters are ready by this time I hope, (*knocks.*)

ENTER *an* APOTHECARY.

Eraſ. Is the doctor at home, ſir?

Apoth. No, ſir; but I expect him inſtantly.

Eraſ. The gentleman is come that I mean to put under his hands; he is a relation that is ſeized with a ſort of madneſs, which we want to have him cured of, before he is married.

Apoth. Certainly, ſir, you could not place him in better hands. Ah! here he is. [*Exit.*

ENTER TWO PHYSICIANS.

Firſt Phy. Sir, I'm your ſervant, every thing is prepared to receive the gentleman, and luckily here is an old friend, that will be glad to aid me in conſulting his diſorder.

Eraſ. Well, ſir, I rely on your care to prevent his eſcape, and bear with his rudeneſs, for he is ſometimes very troubleſome.—Here he is.

ENTER SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

Squire. We are ſoon returned, you ſee.

Eraſ. I am glad of it; but a little buſineſs obliges me to go out, mean time, this gentleman will take care to treat you with attention and reſpect.

Firſt Phy. The duty of my profeſſion obliges me to do ſo.

Squire

Squire. *(Aſide.)* Certainly this is his ſteward, and he muſt be a man of great quality.

Eraſ. *(To the phyſician.)* There are ten piſtoles, only as an earneſt for the preſent.

Squire. I beg, ſir, you will not be at any extraordinary expence on my account.

Eraſ. Oh! ſir, you muſt permit that gentleman to direct every thing here; you'll excuſe my abſence for a ſhort time?

Squire. Pray put yourſelf to no inconvenience for me. —How very kind.

[*Exit* ERASTUS—CARLOS *ſteals off on the other ſide.*

Firſt Phy. I am much honoured, ſir, in being ſingled out to do you ſervice, and here is my friend, a ſkilful man, whoſe advice I ſhall take as to our manner of treating you.

Squire. O! pray uſe no ceremony with me, I am not difficult.

Firſt Phy. If you pleaſe, then, ſir, we will go into the houſe, have a little refreſhment, and then proceed to buſineſs.

Squire. I beg you will make no buſineſs of it; your common way of treating folks will do for me.

Firſt Phy. Pardon me, ſir, there is great difference to be obſerved, according to the power placed in our hands. —However, we will ſoon have a conſultation—be ſo good as to follow that gentleman.

Squire. I never knew ſuch obliging folks in my life—

[*Exit, between the two phyſicians.*

SCENE III. CLOSEFIST'S *House.*

ENTER JULIA.

Julia. How perplexing is my ſituation! To carry on a clandeſtine correſpondence, is ſhocking to my delicacy, yet, to be confined for ever, or marry one I never ſaw, is a wretched alternative.

ENTER CLOSEFIST.

Cloſe. Well, Miſs Perverſe, is your ſtomach come too yet? I expect 'Squire Lubberly every hour, and I'll have the wedding within three hours after!

Julia. Dear ſir, conſider—do not force me to marry a man who is a perfect ſtranger!

Cloſe. I have conſidered; he is very rich, his couſin, the counſellor, will give him a great eſtate, and, and——, in ſhort, you ſhall have him.

ENTER NERINA.

Ner. I ſay, ſir, it's no ſuch thing; ſhe ſhall not be of the Lubberly family.—Pretty thing truly, to make a lubber of her!

Cloſe. To be ſure, miſtreſs, you have great power—you are an excellent judge about families: But, zounds, huſſey, don't put me in a paſſion, or I'll kick you down ſtairs, and make a lame lubber of you, as long as you live.

Ner. Do if you dare; I value you not—I ſay it is a burning ſhame to tye your child to the Lubberly's—I will ring Lubberly in your ears all the day long; I will, I ſay —Lub—— —

Julia. Stop, Nerina, remember you ſpeak to my father, —learn of me to reſpect him.

Cloſe. That's a good child! I know my little Julia will pleaſe her old father.

Julia. In every thing, ſir, but this hated marriage; that I am ſure, would break my heart.

Cloſe, Zounds, if you don't marry him it will break mine—and, ſo, miſs, charity begins at home. You may prepare for the wedding.—For you, huſſey, if you are again impertinent, I'll—I'll lock you up in a nunnery, that you may never be married at all.

[*Exit* CLOSEFIST.

Ner. There, there now—very kind indeed! but if I am not even with you, monſieur—ſay I'm a fool. Why, madam, you are as melancholy as if you was never to be married.

Julia. Ah, Nerina! I have little hopes Eraſtus will ſucceed in preventing the match, and can only expect confinement for life.

Ner. No ſuch matter. Truſt our management, and hope every thing.

Julia. I confeſs to you, Nerina, I am very uneaſy, to employ ſtratagems to deceive a parent; yet I cannot reconcile myſelf to this hated marriage—What can I do?

Ner. Do! Why, reſolve to pleaſe yourſelf, to be ſure; that's my maxim, madam.

Julia. I know not what to do—ſometimes I think I ought to obey my father.

Ner. And marry a fool, and a lubber—very well, madam, I have done——I waſh my hands off it——I don't marry the man, it's nothing to me——if you chooſe to be called Mrs. Lubberly—to be a bye-word—to be joined for ever to a blockhead, to a numpſkull——

Julia. Fye, Nerina!

Ner. To one, who doesn't know common ſenſe! who will make you bluſh every hour of your life!—If you chooſe to wrong a handſome, a beautiful, a ſweet, ſenſible, generous young man, who adores you; why, it's nothing to me, I ſhall only cry my eyes out for ſpite—that's all.

Julia. Ah, Nerina, what a contraſt you have drawn! what doubts, what irreſolutions diſtract my breaſt!

Ner. Me, madam! I cauſe doubts! I ſay nothing at all—I would not perſuade any one for the world; but come, 'tis now the hour you promiſed to meet Eraſtus at the garden gate—there you may give him a final diſmiſſion, as you reſolve to be Mrs. Lubberly.

Julia. 'Tis true I muſt meet him, and I fear he has but a too powerful intereſt in my heart!

Ner. Intereſt! Aye to be ſure, and ſo he ought to have.—Doesn't intereſt govern all the world now? from a chamber-maid to a would-be ducheſs? and do you wiſh to be unfaſhionable? No, no, madam, let him keep his ground; and remember, of two evils, tis better to take a handſome young fellow, than to be ſhut in a nunnery—from which fate, heaven defend us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Parlour.*

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, *and the two phyſicians.*

Firſt Phy. Now ſir, if you pleaſe we will proceed to buſineſs:

(Three chairs are placed—the 'ſquire in the middle ſits down; one phyſician on each ſide of him.)

Sit down, ſir, and permit us the honour of your hands.

Squire. (Giving his hands.) Your humble ſervant, gentlemen.—But what does this mean?

Firſt Phy. Dy'e eat well, ſir?

Squire. Yes; and drink much better.

Second Phy. So much the worſe: D'ye ſleep much? do you dream?

Squire. I ſleep very well, and dream ſometimes.—But what the devil means thoſe queſtions?

Firſt Phy. Have a little patience—we are going to conſult about your affairs.

Squire. Why, what neceſſity is there for you to conſult about my affairs!

Second Phy. Don't be impatient, we muſt do every thing according to rule.

Squire. Nobody has a right to rule me.——

Firſt Phy. Aye, this impatience is a ſtrong diagnoſtic.

Squire. What nonſenſe is this? I'll not ſtay here to hear ſuch gibberiſh—*(endeavours to pull away his hands.)*

Firſt Phy. Another again—inquietude.

Squire.

Squire. Why, what in the devil's name d'ye mean? what d'ye hold my hands for?

First Phy. To underſtand your pulſe, and cure you according to art.

Squire. Lord! cure me! Why, I'm not ſick.

Second Phy. We are phyſicians, and know better.

ENTER *an* APOTHECARY *with a phial.*

Apoth. Here, ſir, is a little cordial, which you are to take if you pleaſe.

Squire. I don't want cordials, ſir, I thank you.

Apoth. But, ſir, it is a gentle, ſoft, cooling medicine.

Squire. Why, ſir, I want no "ſoft, cooling medicines."—I an't ſick, I tell you—what buſineſs have I with phyſic?

First Phy. If you have no buſineſs with it, ſir, we have: And you muſt take this before we proceed to bliſtering, cupping, and ——

Squire. And—the devil! Why the people are all mad!—You are all diſtracted, ſure.

First Phy. A ſtrong mark of a diſordered mind, brother—thinks himſelf the only wiſe man, and all others mad.

ENTER NERINA.

Ner. Ah! what, you are here—I rejoice to ſee you, my dear couſin, in ſuch hands—be careful of him, good doctors—you know not what an important perſonage he is—bleſs me, how he ſtares! he's ſurely going to rave—but his ravings never laſt more than a day at a time, doctor.—Ah, my poor couſin!

Squire. Why, who the devil are you? Couſin, forſooth!—yes, I am cozened with a vengeance!

First Phy.

First Phy. You ſee, *(takes his hand,)* he does not know his own relations.

Ner. Oh, ſir, he knows nobody when he is in this way.—An excellent young man tho' when he is in his ſober ſenſes, and tolerably polite—conſidering three acres round Lubberly Hall, has been the boundary of his travels. Pray phyſic him ſufficiently, and be not ſparing of your bliſters.

Squire. Bliſters on thy tongue.—Let me get at her!

(They hold him, he ſtruggles and ſtamps.)

Ner. There you ſee now! Hold him, gentlemen, nothing elſe will do—he'll maſter a dozen of you town-bred bolus-mixers.—My dear couſin, I cannot bear to ſee you in this cruel ſituation.

Squire. Ah, crocodile!

Ner. You, who, when you are not mad, are ſo ſenſible, ſo full of wit, ſo good at repartee! Oh, it breaks my heart! Dear gentlemen, phyſic, bleed, bliſter——— *(Whilſt ſhe ſpeaks, he ſtruggles to get at her.)* Do all you can to my poor, dear, mad, couſin. [*Exit.*

Squire. Let me purſue her—let me purſue her.—Oh, Paris, Paris, Paris! why did I ever enter thy peſtiferous gates?

First Phy. There, d'ye hear? Come, come, ſir, this medicine will be an anodyne to all your cares—nay, you muſt and ſhall take it. Hold him! hold him!

Squire. A mad bull, or a raging tyger you may hold, but not me, raſcals! I have not worſted all the village lads at wreſtling, to be bamboozled by you——*(breaks from them, and ſnatches the phial.)* Now, doctor, you ſhall ſwallow your own phyſic,—nay, you ſhall—your anodyne, doctor. *(Makes the apothecary ſwallow ſome, who with much ſtruggling breaks from him.—They ſcuffle and get off.)*

Ah,

Ah, dogs! they little knew who they had to deal with, when they thought to drench me with their horſe potions. Now for that filly, my new couſin, if I can but overtake her—

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment.*

JULIA *ſeated (ſorrowfully) near the front*; CLOSEFIST *at a diſtance ſitting at a table covered with a parchment.*

Cloſe. (Taking off his ſpectacles and wiping them.) Bleſs me, my eyes grow ſo dim, that I can hardly ſee what is foreſt and what is rock.

Julia. I would rather be chained to one of his rocks, than to the man that owns them. Alas! my father, you had better ſtudy the chart of your ſon-in-law's mind, than that of his eſtate, *(weeps)*.

Cloſe. What d'ye ſit weeping and wailing there for? *(reads)* "H - - m, h - - m, eighty-nine acres paſture h - - m—rood of foreſt, beech and oak." Oak at full growth,—then that muſt be worth——

Julia. I believe your heart is made of oak.—Sir, I do not want to marry a foreſt.

Cloſe. Marry a foreſt, child! you are to marry Mr. Lubberly—foreſts, vineyards, and paſtures, make a part of him. They go together like a ſnail and its ſhell.

Julia. And I will ſerve him as I would a ſnail and its ſhell; fling him from me, nor ſuffer the pollution of his touch.

Cloſe. (Reads.) "Arable ſeven hundred acres, South-weſt of the foreſt. North, a mountain three hundred ſheep; h - - m, h - - m."

Voice (without.) I ſay, madam, you muſt not go in there.

NERINA *(without.)*

Ner. But I ſay I will go in here:

NERINA ENTERS, *with an altered dreſs and a veil.*

Oh, ho! here they are—the young witch and the old ſire! Now for your pretty eyes, miſs! your eyes that have done me ſo much miſchief! *(flies towards Julia.)*

Julia. (Shrieks.) Oh! ſave me, father, ſave me! *(runs behind him.)*

Ner. Nay, 'tis in vain.——Stand you out of the way, or my nails ſhall tear your ſhrivell'd cheeks inſtead of her's.

Cloſe. What, is the woman mad? Who are ye? What are ye?

Ner. What am I? Oh, an injured and deſpairing creature! Let me have one claw at her cheeks——thoſe cheeks with their deteſtable white and red.

Cloſe. Prithee, woman.——Nay then, I muſt pinion ye, madam——Keep cloſe to me, Julia!

Ner. I ſay I'll murder her——Oh, my Lubberly, my dear loſt Lubberly!

Cloſe. Lubberly!

Ner. Yes! the deareſt, faithfuleſt, fondeſt lover that ever woman was bleſt withal——never leave me day or night.—Let me get at her! *(runs up to Julia.)* Do you not know me?

Julia.

Julia. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) Nerina!

Cloſe. (*Putting away Nerina.*) Touch her at your peril —Mr. Lubberly never ſaw my daughter, woman;

Ner. Never ſaw—what are you going to marry her to a man ſhe never ſaw?

Cloſe. What's that to you? Mr. Lubberly is to be her huſband, tho'—depend upon that.

Ner. What, when he has promiſed marriage to me? I give ye fair warning, I'll decoy him from your daughter, (*ſpeaking very faſt,*) I'll inveigle his affections, I'll ruin his conſtitution, I'll ſpend his eſtate, and I'll break her heart.

Cloſe. Break a fiddleſtick's end! Theſe are all the ravings of a diſcarded woman. Now you ſee, daughter, how your huſband, that is to be, is valued.

Julia. O, ſir, ſpeak not of him as my huſband? Do you think I'll have ſuch a crime to anſwer, as robbing another of her lover?

Cloſe. O, you are vaſtly nice of a ſudden! Why, you rob each other of your lovers every day—you are all Algerines at that work, and pick up your ſlaves on the wide ocean of life, wherever you can find them, without regard to whom they laſt belong'd.

Julia. But, ſir, I have more honeſty; and I promiſe you, madam, that your lover, whom you found ſo conſtant, ſo true, ſo fond, ſhall never——

Cloſe. (*Angrily.*) To your chamber, miſs—to your chamber—go this moment, or I'll——

(*Stamps, and then puſhes her off.*)

How dare you, madam, to—to—hang me, if it wasn't for the ſparkle of them eyes thro' your veil, if I would not——yes, that I would——Come, I'll ſtrike a bar-

gain——as I give your lover to my daughter, I'll give myſelf to you,

Ner. (Puſhing him from her.) A noble recompence, truly! But are you reſolved then, ſpite of my wrongs, that your daughter ſhall marry my ſweet Lubberly!

Cloſe. Yes.

Ner. Come, conſider, *(hanging upon him)* if you would have me kind, it is in your power only by——

Cloſe. Then let me lift your veil, and ſee your pretty white chin, and your pretty red lips, and your——

Ner. Will you promiſe to me then, and give it me in writing that Lubberly ſhall never marry your daughter?

Cloſe. No! no! no! By St. Bernard, and St. Benedict, he ſhall marry my daughter, and my daughter ſhall marry him.

Ner. Shall he ſo, dotard! then take this, and this——

(Cuffs him off.)

Why, what an old wretch it is——But I'll not be foil'd yet—my plots ſhall ſtart up one after another, like Hydra-heads—what, an old man foil a young chambermaid! No! no! [*Exit.*

RE-ENTER CLOSEFIST.

Cloſe. Ah! what, ſhe's gone—A little devil! I had a mind for ſome more chat with her.—Her ſparkling eyes and her nimble tongue have given ſome flippancy to my pulſe; and if I could be ſure——Heyday! who have we here?

ENTER *Firſt Phyſician, (breathleſs.)*

Firſt Phy. Sir—where is he? *(blowing)* Where is he,

I ſay? Have a care what you do—you are going to marry your daughter to a madman, *(blowing.)*

Cloſe. Hey!

Firſt Phy. I have traced him through the ſuburbs, and at length I find, *(blows)* O, what a dance I have had—— he has taken ſhelter with you——ſo, ſir, deliver me up my patient.

Cloſe. Why, what ails all the people to-day? Are you a-kin to the lady who is juſt gone?

Firſt Phy. Give me up my patient, ſir, that is all I have to ſay——Deliver to me my patient.

Cloſe. Why, zounds, who has got your patient?

Firſt Phy. Who got him? I can't tell, for I never ſaw him before; but you have him, and, ſir, I will not be cheated of my patient.

Cloſe. Ha, ha, ha! Why, thou art certainly broke out of the hoſpital, doctor! Open the door there, and ſhew this gentleman the way back to the mad-houſe he came from.

Firſt Phy. 'Tis very well, ſir—I underſtand ye—I am to be cheated of my patient, and you'll marry your daughter to a mad-man before I have cured him——But I ſhall come on you for payment, ſir, mind that—I'll be paid for his cure; it would have taken three months to cure him; I'll be paid for three months board—three months lodging—— three months nurſing; —for bleedings—bliſterings—cathartics——pills and drafts I will alſo be paid——I will be paid, ſir, and I will directly make out the bill, and ſend it in; a bailiff ſhall follow, and if you don't pay it, you ſup this night in priſon. [*Exit.*

Cloſe. Tol lol de rol! Now is it that fellow or Lubberly who is mad? If it ſhould turn out to be the 'ſquire, it will be rather lucky, for being a little touched before hand

——a wife will perfect his diſtraction by the end of the month, and then I ſhall have the management of his eſtate——why, what a lucky dog I am——an only daughter married to a great eſtate, and a mad ſon-in-law! Antoine!

ENTER *a ſervant.*

I am going out on particular buſineſs, ſhould, in the mean time, Mr. Lubberly arrive, treat him with every reſpect.

Ant. Shall I introduce him to Miſs Julia, ſir?

Cloſe. No, not till I return; girls, thou know'ſt, are apt to take whimſies,——ſhould the cut of his coat or the cut of his countenance not happen to ſuit her, ſhe may not behave ſo properly——no, no, I'll be by when the young ones firſt meet, *(going and turning back).* If the ſquire ſhould be a little whimſical or ſo, never heed him, I mean to give him his way——Gentlemen from the country are ſometimes a little odd, when they firſt appear in Paris, ſo give him his way.——If he ſhould be out of his wits *(aſide)* this is a preparation for him.

[*Exit, followed by Antoine.*

ENTER ERASTUS AND JULIA.

Julia. O, Eraſtus, urge me no more! my heart ſinks within me at the idea.

Eraſ. Nay, if you are thus determined, expect me to periſh——for, Julia, my ſoul exiſts only on your love; and if you deprive me of it——

Julia. To deprive you of my love is not in my power; but my father is inflexible.

Eraſ. So am I——inflexible in my reſolution to adore,

to

to marry thee —— the licence is in my pocket, and the next ſtreet will furniſh a church and a parſon. O, let us haſte! ——this is the only moment left to us to determine in—— the next will be Lubberly's——Come, my charmer.

Julia. O no! The daughter who flies from the parental roof, to kneel at the altar with her lover, whilſt her diſobedience is plunging a dagger into her father's heart, gives a huſband but ſlender room to rely on her principles or her feelings.

Eraſt. Ah, Julia! my rebel heart, whilſt it admires, would fain reproach, but it ſhall not. Put yourſelf for a few days then into the protection of my ſiſter——you know her virtue and her ſeverity.

Julia. Ah, no!——yes——Eraſtus, I know not what to ſay.

Eraſt. Your father, in the diſtreſs of having loſt you, will be ſmote with repentance for his tyranny. He will then long to graſp his Julia once again to his boſom, and may then——

Julia. Delightful hope!—may then reſolve to give me to my Eraſtus. Come then—But will your ſiſter, ſo rigidly nice, receive a runaway girl?

Eraſt. She is already prepared to receive you—your apartment is ready, and ſhe longs to embrace you.—Let us fly! *(Snatching her hand and leading her.)*

Julia. (Looking back.) Forgive, ye houſehold deities, that I quit your ſoft guardianſhip! And O, my father, whilſt I coſt you a tranſient affliction, remember that you would have given me a ſorrow to entwine itſelf with my life, and to have walked with me to the grave;

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

ENTER LUBBERLY AND CARLOS MEETING.

Lub. O, my dear friend, I am rejoiced to ſee you——I have been almoſt murdered!

Carlos. How, ſir! Why, where was your good friend, the gentleman I left with you?

Lub. Friend, indeed! Lord bleſs you! Why, I was left with two men in black——ſeat me between them——feel my pulſe——talk nonſenſe——ſay I am ſick——bring me phyſic——ſay I am mad——want to pour poiſon down my throat;——ſo I was forced to take to my heels to ſave my life!

Car. Why, is it poſſible you could be thus tricked?

Lub. 'Tis poſſible——A deceitful raſcal; I thought there was a dozen devils at my heels, and have run thro' ever ſo many ſtreets to eſcape them.

Car. What ſhocking treatment! How grieved I am that you ſhould meet ſuch a ſharper——But pray, ſir, where are you going now?

Lub. To the houſe of Mr. Cloſefiſt, whoſe daughter I am come to marry. Can you tell me where he lives?

Car. Marry his daughter!

Lub. Yes; and ſhall receive a very good fortune with her.

Car.

Car. O, doubtleſs, he'll be glad to give money with her, if he can make a wife of her.

Lub. What do you mean? They ſay ſhe is very handſome.

Car. Certainly, and genteel, and accompliſhed——yes, yes; ſhe is all that; but that you ſhould marry her——

Lub. Why, why ſhould I not marry her?

Car. Sir, I beg to be excuſed——I have no more to ſay——I wiſh you happy, ſir, with all my heart. I do indeed, ſir.

Lub. I am ſure now, you know ſomething about her—pray tell me, is ſhe croſs?

Car. No!

Lub. Has ſhe ill health? Has ſhe a painted outſide, like moſt of the fine ladies?

Car. No! ſhe is very well; and I believe only uſes milk of roſes, and violet ſoaps——No, no, ſhe does not paint her outſide.

Lub. My dear friend, I beſeech you to tell me what you know——pray do——accept this ring as a mark of friendſhip, and open your heart to me.

Car. (Embracing him.) I will be your friend——Mr. Cloſefiſt is nothing to me—'tis a ſcandalous thing to impoſe on a gentleman, therefore to be plain with you, this daughter is no better than ſhe ſhould be; quite a fine, free, frolicſome laſs, ſo that they want a huſband to patch up her reputation.

Lub. A pretty deſign indeed! Do they take me for a blind Jerry? Am I to ſhut my eyes, and introduce my wife's ſpark? No, no;——the Lubberly family ſee things as they are; I have money enough——a patched reputation wont do for me.

Car. As I live here comes Mr. Cloſefiſt, her father—

D'ye mind me?—The man who is now coming towards us is your wife's father; pickle him a little.

Lub. Pickle him—aye, never anchovy was ſo pickled as he ſhall be. [*Exit* CARLOS.

What, does he think an honeſt country gentleman is to be put off with his damaged town ware?

ENTER CLOSEFIST.

Ha, ha! Your ſervant, ſir!

Cloſe. Your's, ſir——What ſtrange May-fly is this? (LUBBERLY *walks backward before him, to prevent his exit.*) What is the matter with the fellow? Let me paſs.

Lub. You paſs not, ſir——you paſs not. What, do you take me for a greenhorn, a gudgeon? What! you want me for a ſon-in-law, do you! What you have brought me from the further end of Lombardy, to make me a huſband?

Cloſe. Thee! What art thou? Who art thou, familiar mate?

Lub. Who? No mate for *your daughter*, ſir——As to my name, you'll find that engraved on braſs over the gate of Lubberly Hall.

Cloſe. Hey!

Lub. Aye, ſtare——I am 'ſquire Lubberly——little as you think of me!

Cloſe. You, Simon Lubberly, Eſquire, of Lubberly Hall?

Lub. Yes; and ſhall be next year, Juſtice of the quorum; clear eſtate, undipt—acres, hedges, fiſh-ponds, mill-ſtreams, trout-ſtreams,——all my own——not a pike that any

any money-lender, uſurer, Jew, or mortgage-broker dare call his own.

Cloſe. Egad that's true I believe——and though the fellow, as the doctor ſaid, is certainly mad, yet to marry my daughter to ſuch an eſtate!——My dear friend, you are welcome to Paris; but I ſee you are prejudiced againſt my daughter—you ſhall ſee her—ſhe's a pretty little neat, tight——

ENTER *Tradeſmen; one man behind like a carpenter.*

Firſt Tradeſ. Ah, ah! He is found—here is my bill, ſir, I hear you are going to marry a rich heireſs—pay me my bill! Rich marriages are lucky things for ſpend-thrifts.

Second Tradeſ. Yes, ſir; and here is mine: the principal and intereſt added together, makes four hundred and ſeventy-one pounds, and ſix pence.

Lub. Ha, ha! Why, what's the meaning of this?

Carpenter. This here, ſir, is my bill——it is but a trifle more than that gentleman's——it is for turning your great barn into a little theatre, for a private theatre.

Lub. What have you done, raſcal! Have you turned my barn into a theatre for private ſhews? Thus then I give you public payment *(kicks him off.)*——Why, what a handful of knaves they are! And now, my pair of honeſt ones *(putting himſelf in a boxing attitude,)* if you do not follow your comrade, I'll diſcharge your bills, intereſt, compound, and all, in the ſame coin with which I paid him. What, you wont! Then I'll give you ſuch a drubbing as ſhall make you grope your way home in the dark, tho' the ſun ſhines with all its fury.

First Tradeſ. Ah, ſir, we ſee you are buſy juſt now——we'll call at your lodgings to-morrow——Your honour's moſt obedient ſervant! You ſee he's not to be ſcared.

[*Exeunt Tradeſmen.*

Lub. So, theſe are the tricks of Paris? All a bam, ſir——I owe no man forty ſous, unleſs it is a ſempſtreſs——I pay her by the quarter.

ENTER CARLOS *diſguiſed as a peaſant, with two children.*

Car. (Puffing as in haſte.) Heaven be thanked!——I am right at laſt——O, 'ſquire! O, brother-in-law! Is it true? Have you deſerted your poor Janet?

Lub. Why, who the devil do you ſpeak to?

Car. O dear, have you forgot me? am I not Pierre, your wife's brother? O, the baſe ingratitude of man! You have forgot when Dicky had the fever, and Nancy the chin-cough, how you uſed to dangle one upon your knee, and with your foot rock the cradle of the other! You have forgot——

Lub. Wife, Brother, Dicky, Nancy!——villain, raſcal, what do you mean?

Car. O Lord! O Lord! O my poor ſiſter! O my poor Janet!——Go, children, go, ſpeak to your cruel father—— *(The children take hold of him.)*

Children. Oh! Daddy! daddy!

Lub. Zounds and the devil! Stand off brats, or I'll knock you down, *(ſtruggling.)*

Cloſe. Why, what a wretch is this?

(Carlos and the Children pretending to cry.)

Car. O 'ſquire! don't be cruel-hearted; we are poor folks, but we are honeſt; you would marry Janet, and now

now you have left her to ſtarvation, for a great, rich, lady.

Lub. Begone, raſcal, this inſtant! take away your brats——I never ſaw you before——you are an impoſtor!

Cloſe. Here, here! poor fellow, there's ſix-pence for you——Go to your ſiſter, bid her provide for her children, and be happy.

Car. Thank you, kind ſir; but I will have juſtice! I'll go to the mayor, I'll go to a notary; you ſhall go to priſon—you ſhall be hanged, you ſhall.

(During this ſpeech Cloſefiſt holds the Squire, who at laſt breaks from him.)

Lub. Dog, villain, you ſhall go to the devil!

Children. (Catching hold of him.) O, papa, papa!

Lub. Curſe on your ſqualling! There, there, take that and that, you vile impoſtors. *(He drives them off.)*

Cloſe. Why, what a wretch is this! Creditors, miſtreſſes, wives and children in every corner! *(Aſide.)*

Lub. Why, this Paris is full of raſcals and deceivers——

Cloſe. And you——what are you, you vile reprobate, you cheater of tradeſmen, you getter of children.

ENTER ERASTUS, JULIA, AND NERINA.

Ner. (Strutting.) This way, this way, dear madam—Ah, here's my maſter!

Julia. O heavens!—my father!

Cloſe. Ah, here is my dear Julia!

(Eraſtus goes to the back of the ſtage.)

O, my child, what an eſcape you have had!

Julia. Dear ſir!

Cloſe. Mr. Lubberly, my daughter, is no mate for you. *(Sees Eraſtus.)* Eraſtus take her hand—poor as you

are, I give her to you with all my ſoul.——I hear his elder brother cannot live a month longer, and then he'll be as rich as Lubberly. [*Exit.*

Eraſ. O, my Julia, what a bliſs! your filial principles are rewarded—we need not now go to my ſiſter's.

Julia. No—let us return inſtantly to my father's, and ſpeak on our knees our gratitude.

Lub. Thank you, ſir *(to Eraſtus,)* are you not—yes, you are, my kind new acquaintance, who put me under the care of a mad doctor; and you are now going to marry the girl I was to have had.

Eraſ. I deny nothing, ſir.

Lub. I give you joy with all my ſoul—I am ſufficiently revenged—you little think—but mum! You have great luck, that's all——Egad, he's diſh'd finely!

NERINA *comes forward.*

O, here is my kind little couſin again, who came to weep over my miſeries to-day, at the mad doctor's, and I'll be ſworn, was a confederate with that fellow who brought little Dicky and Nancy to me juſt now?

Ner. You are perfectly right, ſir—and little Dicky and Nancy are returned to the hoſpital from whence they were borrowed. I had a plot, ſir, in which I have ſucceeded, and you have been impoſed on. But let it comfort you, that in this vaſt town, where villains hang out their nets at every corner, you have not fallen a prey to real ſharpers—you might have been ruined.

Lub. Thou ſay'ſt true, my little black-eyes.

Ner. So return to your eſtate, ſir, and become honeſtly the father of as many pretty Dicky's and Nancy's as fate will allow. You have obtained ſome knowledge of

of life at a ſmall expence——and if I—*(coming forward,)* —obtain approbation here, not even Squire Lubberly himſelf, will rejoice amidſt his parental fields, more than I ſhall, in your patronizing ſmiles.

THE END.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

23 JY 68

ERRORS OF EDUCATION.

In 3 vols. price 9s. ſewed,

Opinion of the Reviewers.

THIS performance has great merit; it abounds with good ſenſe and liberal ſentiments; the ſcenes are natural, pathetic, and intereſting.

There are, in the courſe of the work, many pleaſing and ſtriking characters introduced, which are well ſupported, and keep the attention awake. Mrs. Rivers in particular we mention as a natural and well ſupported character—her conduct is indeed execrable, and yet we fear there are too many mothers who act exactly in the ſame manner, and from a fooliſh hope of aggrandizing their daughters by marriage, throw them in the way of temptation; and ſhould the poor girls fall martyrs to their ſenſibility, the unfeeling mother will reprobate them for the very errors their own miſconduct has occaſioned: But Mrs. Parſons makes a remark on this ſubject ſo juſt, that we cannot reſiſt a deſire to quote it, wiſhing it may be impreſſed on the mind of every parent, who with little or no fortune, educates and dreſſes her daughters in a ſtile of elegance, and eagerly exhibits them at every place of faſhionable amuſement.—"Whenever," ſays Colonel Minors to Sir William Beaumont, "Whenever you ſee a girl brought up in a ſtile of dreſs and faſhion, which ſhe has no fortune to ſupport; whenever I ſee an imprudent mother exhibiting her daughter at every public place, and encouraging young fellows to buz about her without any proper reſtriction; depend upon it, the girl is a coquet or jilt, or any thing a young man of fortune may chuſe to make of her, and the mother little better than a procureſs, who is on the watch to make the beſt bargain ſhe can for her daughter."

The language is correct and elegant, and the whole ſtory conducted in ſuch a ſtile, as blends inſtruction with amuſement, and while it engages the attention, cannot fail to amend the heart.